THE BYSTANDER
VOL. XLIV.—No. 568

£2,000

OCTOBER 21, 1914

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THE BYSTANDER

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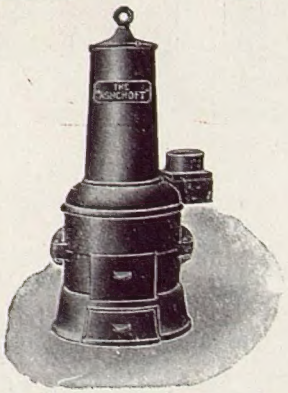

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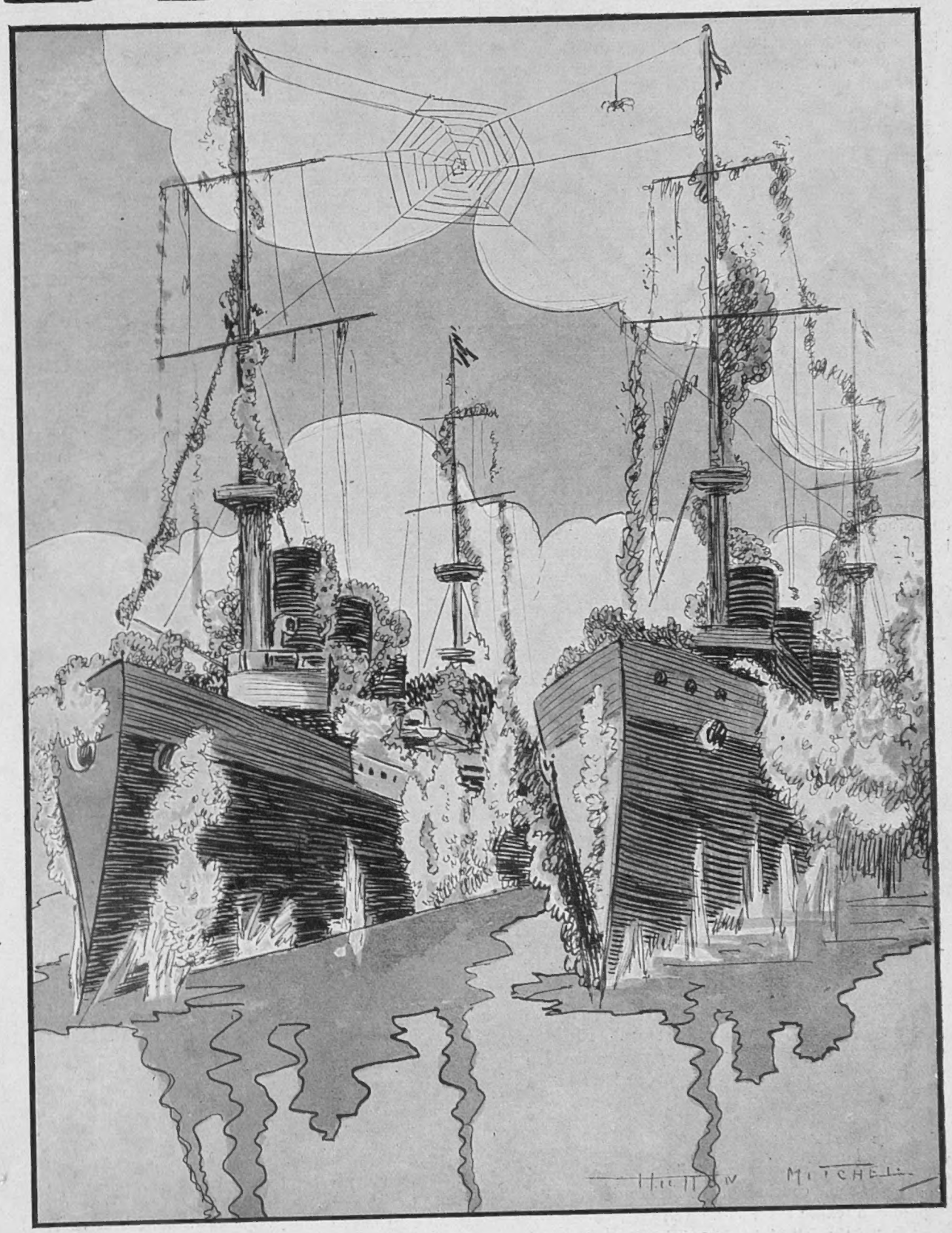
The BYSTANDER



PRUSSIAN SPROUTS

It is reported that owing to long inactivity the German battleships have taken root off the Bight of Heligoland

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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War Comments

BY THE BYSTANDER

The Season of "Depression"

"GREAT depression," announces the German wireless service, "exists in London." Our friend—whoever it is—that is in a position to keep Germany informed as to the state of our mind, happens to be right here. Great depression did exist in London last week. At just about this time of year it is very often dark and somewhat damp in the metropolis, and, as a consequence, "great depression" invariably reigns here until the sky brightens and the air gets crisp.

***

Our Little Way

There has never been an October in which some depression has not reigned at some time, and this year our little attack of the blues came simultaneously with the news of the fall of Antwerp, and the advance of the Germans to the coast. Had our German friend been at work last year, and had the news in the papers been a big railway accident or shipwreck, or a strike, he would have been able to record "great depression" too. It is just a way we have, being depressed.

***

The Brighter View—

We took the gloomy view of Antwerp because, in England, we have a way of taking gloomy views in gloomy weather. Everything that happens in rain-fog has a way of appearing to be the end of all things. We looked black about Antwerp just as, in other years, we have looked black at—say—an unpleasant speech by Mr. Lloyd George. Then, as the days wear on, and it gets brighter, we have a way of cheering up and deciding that we have still a little while to live.

***

—After Due Consideration

After thinking Antwerp carefully over, we arrived at this same conclusion. A little quiet thought caused one to realise that, as we ventured to remark last week, "if the fall of Antwerp brings the Germans nearer to us, so it brings us nearer to them." We realise that Zeppelins, especially in winter, and near the coast, need great big sheds in which to lie; that such, if built, will take some time building; and when built, will be several hundreds of miles more accessible to our airmen than they were at Düsseldorf. Also, they will be within range of our Dreadnoughts, and of the observation of our intelligence agents (we do not call them "spies" when they are British).

***

Sunshine and Sanity

The enemy, however, threatens to mount at Ostend or Calais 17in. siege guns, also to bring submarines overland, and thereby to be able to reach London in four weeks. This was depressing (on a foggy and rainy day). But when the sun came out, we suddenly realised that to land an army in England requires rather more than big guns, airships, or submarines. It requires transports. Transports would hardly be portable overland. They would need to be brought to Ostend, in hundreds, by sea.

***

On the Credit Side

Now we have quite a number of battleships of all shapes and sizes still upon the sea; and north of Ostend there are many minefields. Also, the cliffs of Dover and the neighbourhood would be mighty difficult country whereon to land a German army, which, if landed—well, there are still in this country several hundreds of "contemptible little" soldiers, of the quality of which the Germans have tasted liberally, and are still tasting, on their own side of the Channel.

***

A Lesson from History

We have, however, been at times depressed, whereas Berlin, we read, continues to be merry and bright. But depression on a human face does not necessarily carry with it evidence of the impending doom of its owner. History teaches us that the nations that have usually gone under have been those who, up to the very last moment, were indulging in high-jinks (see accounts of Paris before 1789 and 1870; of Rome before the arrival of Attila I.; of Pompeii

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (continued)

before the earthquake). It is only too often the punisher who wears the depressed face, not the punished.

***

Why We Look Sad Now

Has our German wireless friend never been present at a criminal trial, and seen on the face of the condemned murderer a smile, and on that of the judge passing sentence, a very depressed expression? If he has, he will realise exactly the present positions of his nation and ours. We are not in this war to satisfy a criminal lust for blood and loot, but merely to discharge the unpleasant duty of dealing out justice to the people who are. We wear, perhaps, a look of sadness. But what is going to happen will make the prisoner in the dock look a great deal sadder. For it is going to be his funeral.

***

Belgium's Visitors' List

I see that "well-known people" are arriving in Belgium. Admiral von Tirpitz is at Antwerp, whereas Chancellor von Bethman Hollweg is in Brussels. The former's arrival was greeted with the news of the sinking off the Scheldt, by H.M.S. *Undaunted* (Captain Fox) of four of the enemy's destroyers. What they were doing at the mouth of the Dutch River we do not know. Anyway, they are not doing it now. Possibly the Admiral is busy arranging for the transport to Ostend by rail of submarines. As it seems to be the fate of a German General to rise or fall on his capacity as a railway manager, so it now seems to be that of a German Grand Admiral. The British sailor wins his victories by sea.

***

The Official Anodyne

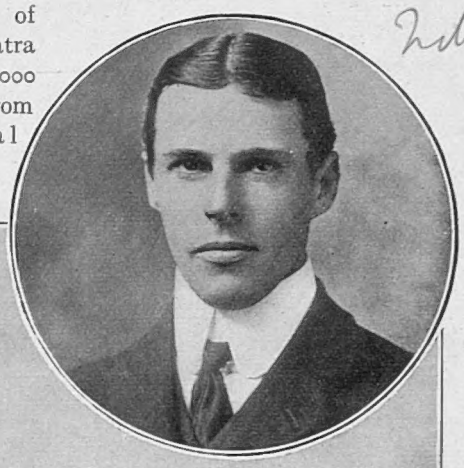
The Chancellor's visit to Brussels leads me to look for "soft soap." Von Bethman Hollweg is official keeper of the Kaiser's bleeding heart. It was his business, while the Kaiser was getting ready for war, to express regret for the same. Now that the assassins of Belgium have done their work, the Chancellor is called in to express more regret. Every man to his job!

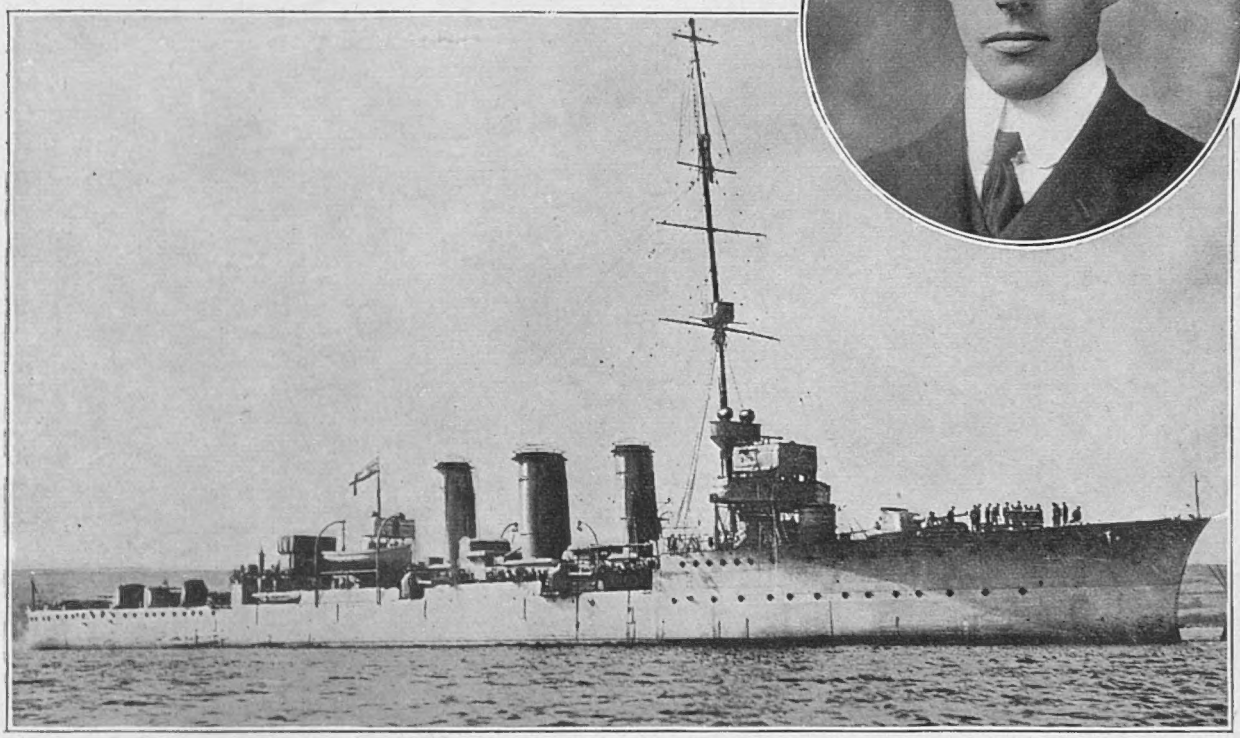
***

Only 4,000 Miles Out

"There is, apparently, an attraction about the neighbourhood of Sumatra for the raiders. The island lies just at the entrance to the Red Sea."—"TIMES" NAVAL CORRESPONDENT, October 17.

There is, we believe, a publication called the *Times* Atlas, which is presumably out of date. Unless, of course, the above has been put in by the Censor to mislead the enemy. Great joke, that would be, sending the German Fleet off to the Red Sea in the expectation of finding Sumatra there — 4,000 miles or so from its original situation.





BRAVO, FOX! H.M.S. UNDAUNTED AND HER UNDAUNTED CAPTAIN

For the sinking of his former ship, the "Amphion," by a mine, Captain Fox has had a speedy revenge. On Saturday last the "Undaunted," accompanied by four destroyers, sank four German destroyers off the Dutch coast with the loss of only one officer and four men wounded. It is reported also that the same ship captured a German mine-layer. The "Undaunted" is one of the newest light cruisers and was only put in commission at the end of August

A Tip for the Admiralty

The victory off the Scheldt will, no doubt, put a temporary end to the grumbling that is going on as to the *personnel* of the Admiralty, voiced in Saturday's *Daily Chronicle* by a demand for the return to the Board of Lord Fisher and Admiral Wilson. While we are ourselves opposed to the swopping of horses while crossing streams—or, rather, while preventing the crossing of oceans—the general wish does exist that Mr. Churchill's chief professional colleague should be a sailor of national reputation, and of pure and undiluted British blood. As Lord Kitchener is "helped" by the creator of the Territorials (Lord Haldane) so it seems right that Mr. Churchill should be by the creator of the Dreadnoughts (Lord Fisher).

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (continued)

Overdoing It

The sinking of the *Hawke* has, no doubt, been advertised in Berlin as another British naval disaster, and doubtless panic is said again to possess our craven and contemptible little island. To show how "bubbling over with indifference" we really were at the news, our papers came out with the announcement "OLD CRUISER SUNK." Now, this is overdoing it. The *Hawke* (built in 1889) was certainly a bit of a curio, but the men who went down with her were as good as those of the latest of the super-Dreadnoughts, and to treat their loss as a detail of no importance is, to say the least, offensive to their sorrowing relatives and friends.

***

"House Full"

And why is Portugal joining in? Aren't there enough Allies in it already? Well, I could tell you why, but, though the Germans know well enough, the Censor wouldn't like me to. Suffice it to say that Portugal, being a belligerent, is able to render a kind of material help to the Allies which, as a neutral, would be *verboten*.

***

"Lights Out" vice "Nights Out"

Still earlier closing! Well, you may as well be sent to bed a lamb as a sheep, and to the Londoner of the old *régime*, accustomed to Night Clubs, ten o'clock's little worse than eleven. Whichever it is, the "night out" is no more. One of the results of the change is to remove the old BYSTANDER grievance as to the limitation of matinées to twice a week. Several houses now announce matinées daily, and it is the evening performances that are twice weekly. In the winter the theatre is no bad place to spend the afternoon.

***

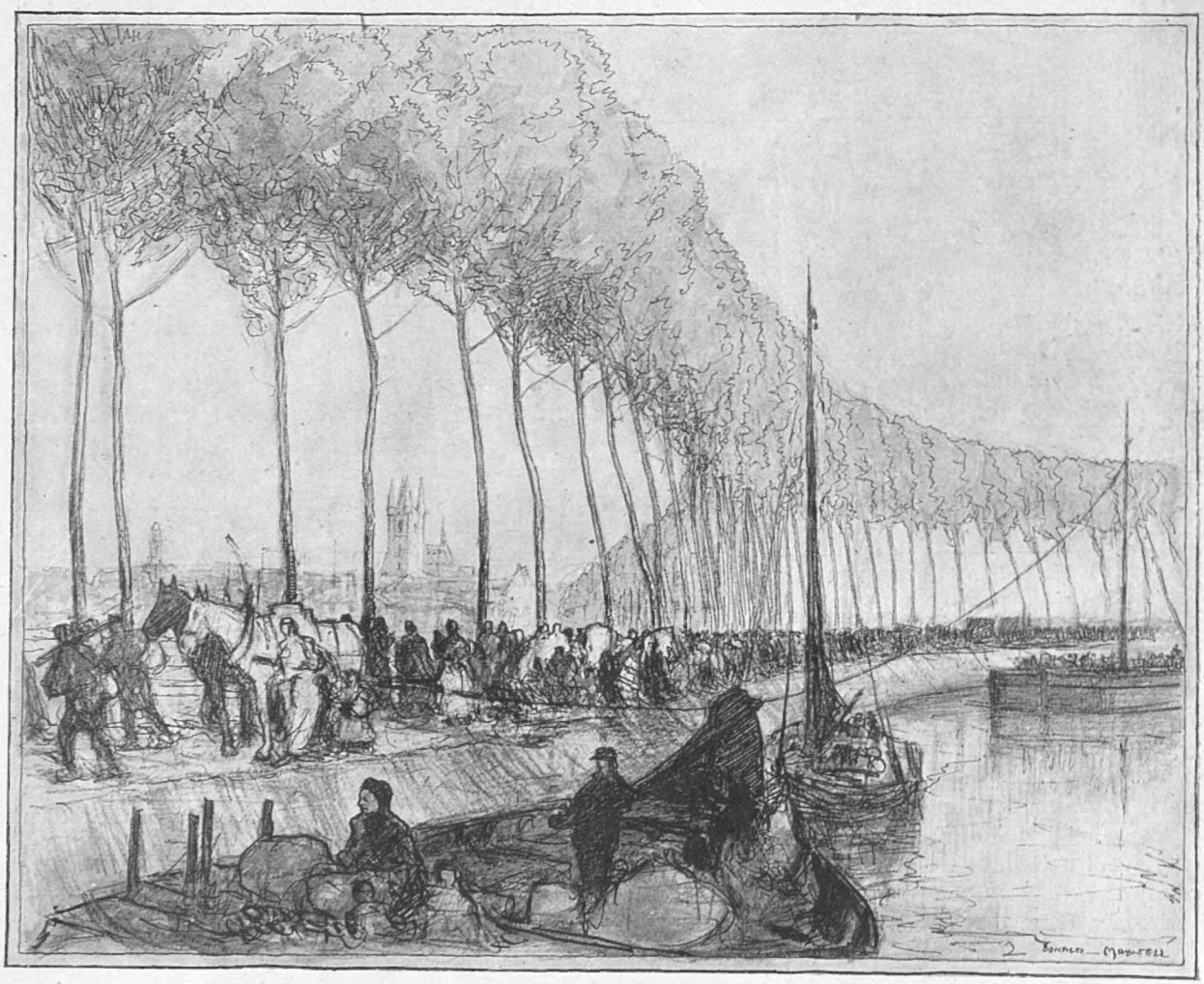
A Tip for the Russians

What pleasure-lovers are asking is, "Will things ever again be as they were?" We doubt it. And, please, dear kind Mister Tsar, when you cross the German frontier, do us this one good turn. Send *your* airmen over Berlin and make the Berliners go to bed, too, at ten. That will bring the war to an end sooner than anything.

***

The Greater Illusion

Financial circles that know things conjure me by all their golden gods to believe that the war cannot possibly last long into the New Year. But as the same financial circles were assuring me, a few months ago, that war could never break out at all, I have to discount their prophecies. It is surely by now seen to be a "great illusion" to believe that Mammon counts when Mars is really in the ascendancy.



THE FLIGHT FROM BRUGES

A canal from Bruges leads into Dutch territory at Sluys, into which poured a continuous stream of the Belgian refugees by means of barge and boat, and along the towpath on foot. It is interesting to note this week that Sluys is the scene of England's first great naval victory in 1340, when Edward III. defeated the French. So far, however, has the sea since receded that it is not now in sight from the top of the church tower

DRAWN BY DONALD MAXWELL

K.'s Handy-Men

THE U.P.S. CORPS BUILD THEIR OWN HUTS NEAR EPSOM DOWNS

UNLOADING TIMBER FOR HUT-BUILDING FROM A MOTOR-LORRY

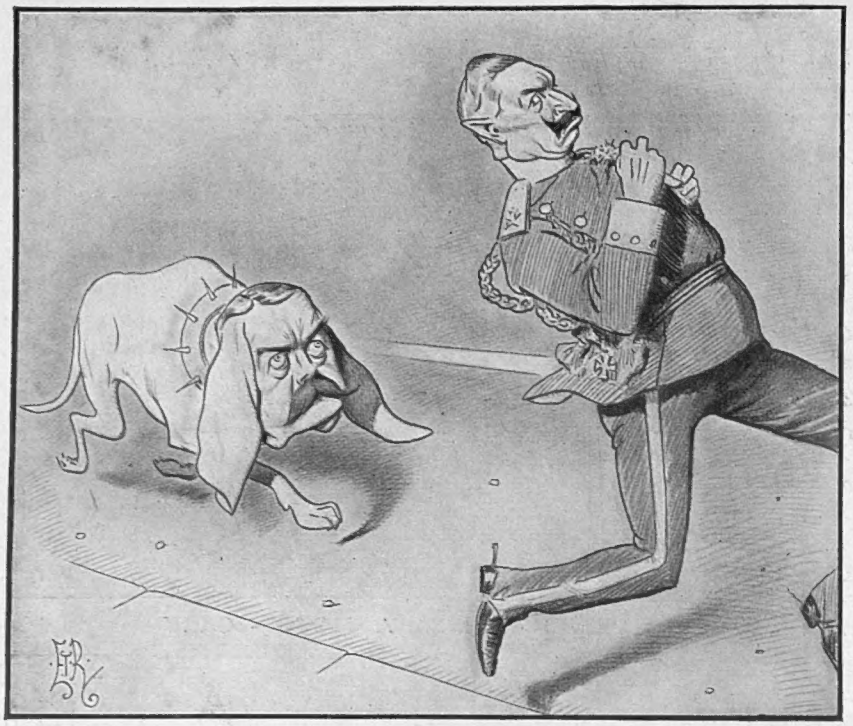
A VIEW OF THE HUTS IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION NEAR EPSOM

Photographs *Sport and General*

CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATES IN THE RÔLE OF CARPENTERS

Somebody has suggested that the letters U.P.S. on the badge of the Universities and Public Schools Corps stand for "Uncommonly Promising Stuff," and it would seem that, at any rate, they possess the faculty of being able to turn their hands to anything. They have recently been busily engaged upon the erection of the sheds which are to form their winter-quarters in camp at Woodcote Park, Epsom. The progress of these building operations is illustrated above

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (continued)



"THE BLOOD-HOUND"

(With Acknowledgments to "Tails with a Twist")

"The Bloodhound is an awful pest,
He never gives you any rest.
In vain you try to get away,
He follows you both night and day.
He doesn't run so very fast.
But still he wears you down at last.
And so, however far you wend,
He always gets you in the end."

"Man and Horse"

The War Office is still—the War Office! A young friend of mine who recently joined an infantry regiment was surprised to receive his first pay as "for man and horse." He wrote to the War Office calling attention to the mistake, to receive the official reply that "no complaints in the matter of pay can be dealt with during the continuance of the war." The poor fellow has, therefore, to go on receiving more from his country than is his due. To salve his conscience, however, I understand he has a towel-horse in his bedroom.

* *
*

Undeserved Reproaches

I am very glad to hear that a high personage has at last delivered a reprimand to those brigadiers and adjutants with Territorial regiments who have treated with scorn, and accused of cowardice, those officers and men who were unable to volunteer for foreign service. When the appeal was first made Lord Kitchener wrote a letter making it expressly clear that no stigma whatever was cast on soldiers who preferred to serve their country, as they had offered to do, within her own shores. What is objected to by such men as these is not having to go to the front, but liability to be sent to India, Egypt, Malta, etc., where they would be torn from all chance of keeping in touch with their professional and domestic ties without any of the compensating glory of active service.

* *
*

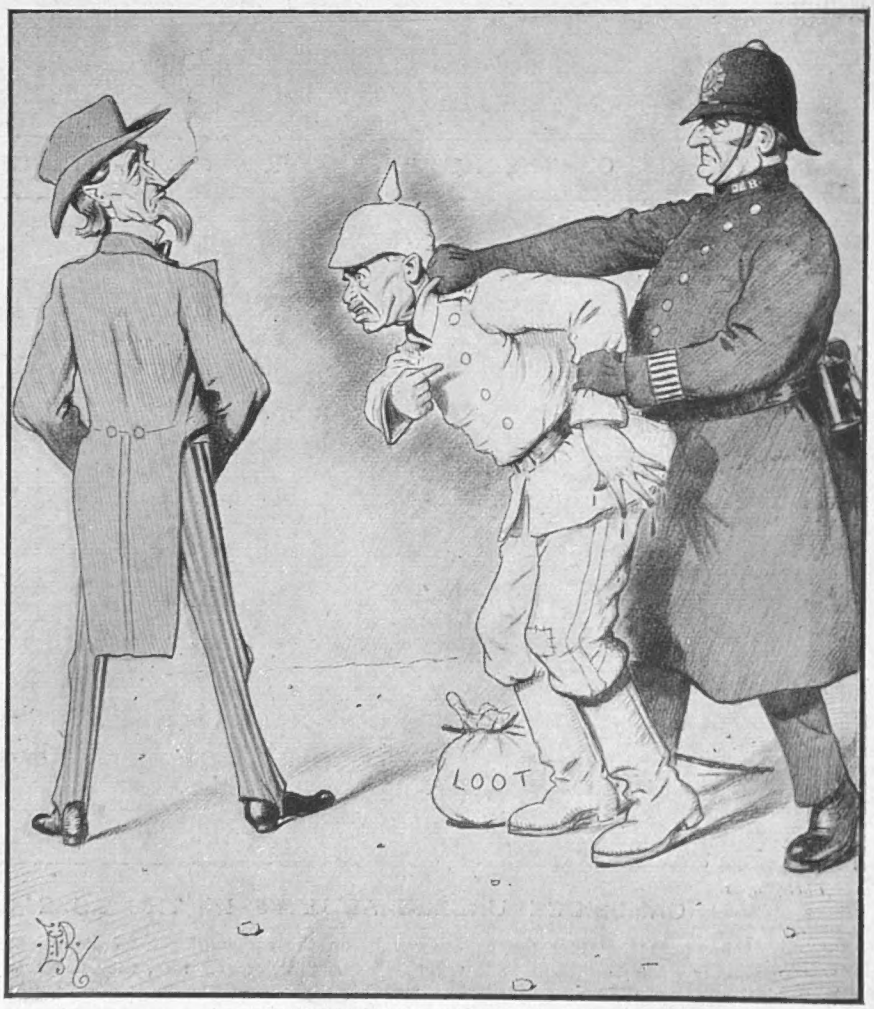
Quite Natural

As Territorial officers are comprised so much of professional men, farmers, and others, to whom years of absence abroad spells ruin, their preference for home service is natural. Is it not the fact, by the way, that the letter of Lord Kitchener referred to above was deliberately concealed from the members of some regiments?

* *
*

More Spies!

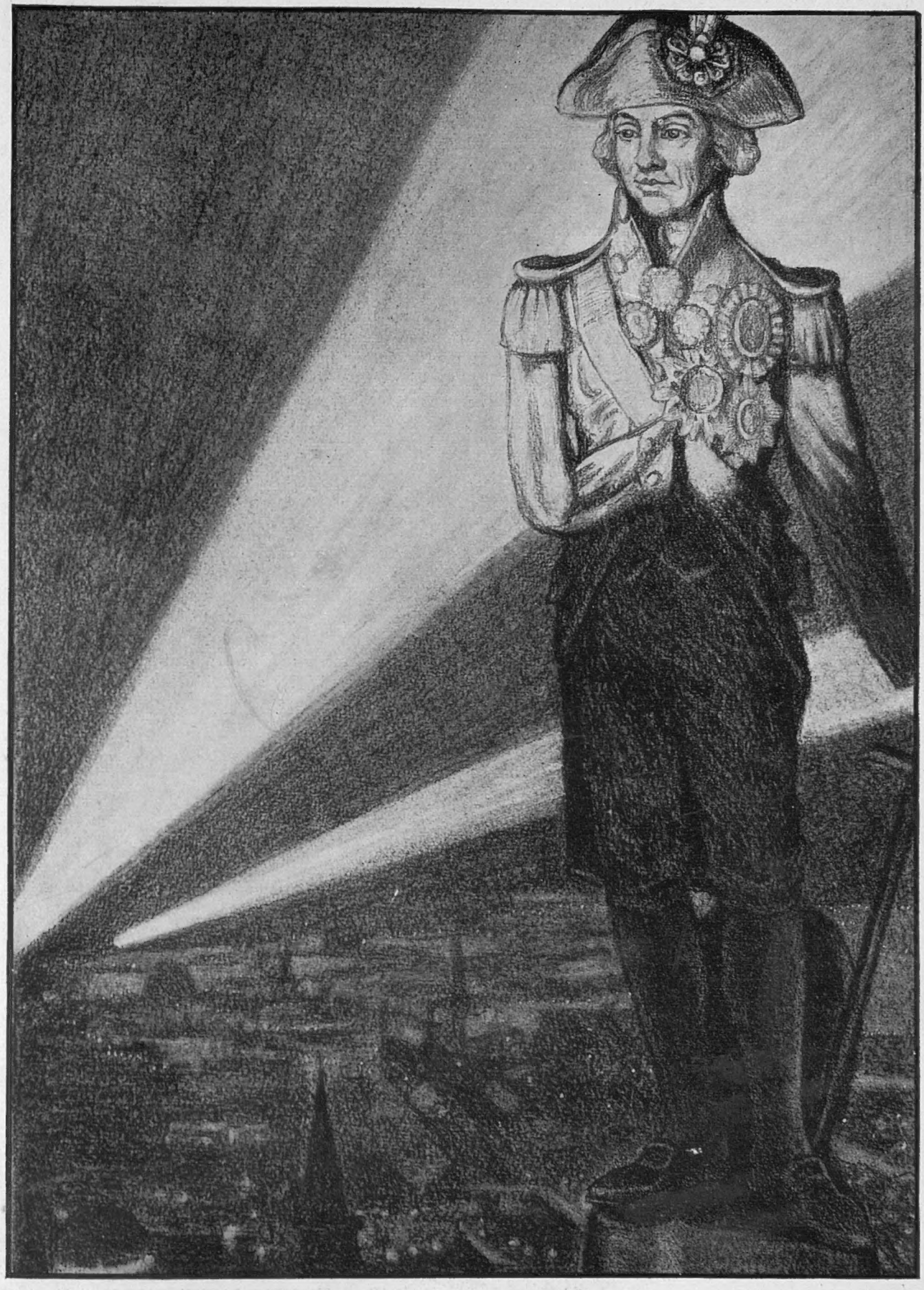
One is not in the least surprised to see that suspected spies have been found among the thousands of Belgian refugees at Dover and elsewhere. Nothing seemed more likely than that this particular means of getting into England would be at once thought of by our friend the enemy.



NEWS FOR NEUTRALS

GERMAN: "Zis man vot I pring in mit me 'e is a greedy and dreacherous criminal!!"
UNCLE SAM: "Oh—h—h you're bringing him in, are yer, and he's a greedy and treacherous criminal, is he? Seems to me the boot's on the other leg!"

Their "Duty" With a Vengeance



NELSON: "By jove, they haven't forgotten my signal this time!"

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (continued)

WOMEN MOVE ON

In the direction indicated by the question "Should Women Fight?" which was asked in "The Bystander" a month ago. Our illustration shows Mrs. Watson, Investigation Chief of the Women Police Volunteers, who are to take over the lighter duties of the police when required

Where It Pays to be British

The one or two "nice things" said about us in the inspired French Press give no idea of the intense depth of the friendly feeling borne towards us by our Allies for the little we have been able to do to help them defend their national existence. Visitors from France report that it is good to be alive there and to be British. "Madame," remarked an old villager to an English lady passing through the ruins of Senlis, "if I met an English soldier *j'embrasserais ses pieds*." Everywhere she went, this lady was shown the most excessive kindness: officials actually risked punishment in order to be of assistance, and on her return she was besought, with tears in her eyes, to "tell the English that we have done all we could for you."

***

A Reasonable Expectation

It is no time for boasting. But we dare to believe that what the French people are now saying privately as to the value of our assistance to them in their hour of peril will, one day, be said publicly.

"For Ways That Are Dark—

One day, perhaps, it will be given unto us to understand the German psychology. One of the things that puzzles me more than another is their letter-faking operations. Your sister—say—is "held up" in the Fatherland. You know your sister very well indeed, and what her emotions must be at the moment in an enemy country. One day you receive a letter that is hers in handwriting (apparently), but in nothing else. Its contents are a careful, typically German, *exposé* of the German case against the Allies, perfidy, atrocities, dum-dum bullets, and all. As no relative of yours could conceivably make herself the tool of the enemy in circulating what she knows, and you know she knows, to be barefaced lies, the effect of the forgery is *nil*—unless to cause hilarity.

***

—And for Tricks That are Vain"

There was handed round a West-End Club the other day such a "fake" as this, in which the sister of a Unionist politician wrote, from North Prussia, imploring her brother to "turn out" the Cabinet because of the shameless way in which it had outwitted the poor innocent Germans. Do our supremely clever enemies not know, even yet, that there are no party politics in England, and that if the Government is to be turned out by the Tories it will only be if they treat the Germans too kindly? Germany will find the Tory's finger thicker than the Liberal loin, and one of his very first acts would be to make a clean sweep of the spying curs and scoundrels who are still allowed to live in our midst. There are, as the *Evening News* pointed out the other day, scores of hotels even yet which continue to employ German waiters, and at each one of these the night of the Fall of Antwerp was a joy night.

But to cap all. Is it known that all the waiters at the last dinner of the British Navy League were Germans?

***

Fooling in Two Senses

The nocturnal precautions against Zeppelins seem to be thorough enough. But lights are not the only things that need to be put out; there are also German spies. Of what conceivable use are attempts to fool the enemy if the plans for his deception can all be transmitted to him by his agents?

A FAMOUS FIGHTING FAMILY

Field-Marshal Lord Grenfell, G.C.B. (in front) and his three nephews, Major John P. Grenfell (left), Lieut.-Col. Cecil Grenfell, and Major Arthur Grenfell (right), all three of the Royal Bucks Hussars, photographed at Churn Camp, Berks

The Zeppelinfluence

DESIGN FOR AN EVENING COSTUME SUITABLE TO THE PRESENT CONDITIONS OF LONDON BY NIGHT

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS (concluded)

The Indictment of Winston

The news that the thing most eagerly sought for in the papers by our men at the front was football news will come as good cheer to the advocates of the "Go On Doing It" policy. If by continuing to play the national winter game they give our gallant warriors something to interest them between battles, surely football becomes a positive patriotic duty! So it will be complacently argued. If, however, football interests many soldiers at the front, others have interests in other games, and I can well imagine that keen delight was caused at the revival of party politics by the *Morning Post* last week, in the shape of a bitter attack on Mr. Churchill in connection with the despatch to Antwerp of the Naval Brigades.

* *
*

Every Man to His Job

"Was Winston Responsible?" was quite a pretty topic with which to beguile the dreary evenings in the trenches, and may it not have led to several bouts of good old English fisticuffs? Tories will, of course, hold the First Lord up to blame. It was just the sort of thing he *would* have done—"butt in" with a brand-new arm of the service of his own foundation, and attempt to perform with it a spectacular feat worthy to be added to the list that included Ulster, Sidney Street, Dartmoor, and Pretoria. True, it did not come off. But it might have done. Little British Armies have done wonders before, and who knew that Winston's Naval Brigades might not have managed somehow to foil the advance of the Germans? I do not think one is called on to say too much about it, save that it is to be hoped Mr. Churchill will confine his brilliant ideas to his own special work, which is on sea and not on land. Digging rats out of holes is a military operation, and Lord Kitchener is the Minister for War.

RUMANIA'S ELIGIBLE PRINCESS

Princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of King Ferdinand. She is a year younger than the Crown Prince, and was some time ago mentioned as a possible bride for the Crown Prince of Greece

RUMANIA'S NEW CROWN PRINCE

Prince Carol, the eldest son of King Ferdinand, and heir to his throne. He is twenty-one years of age and very popular with his father's subjects

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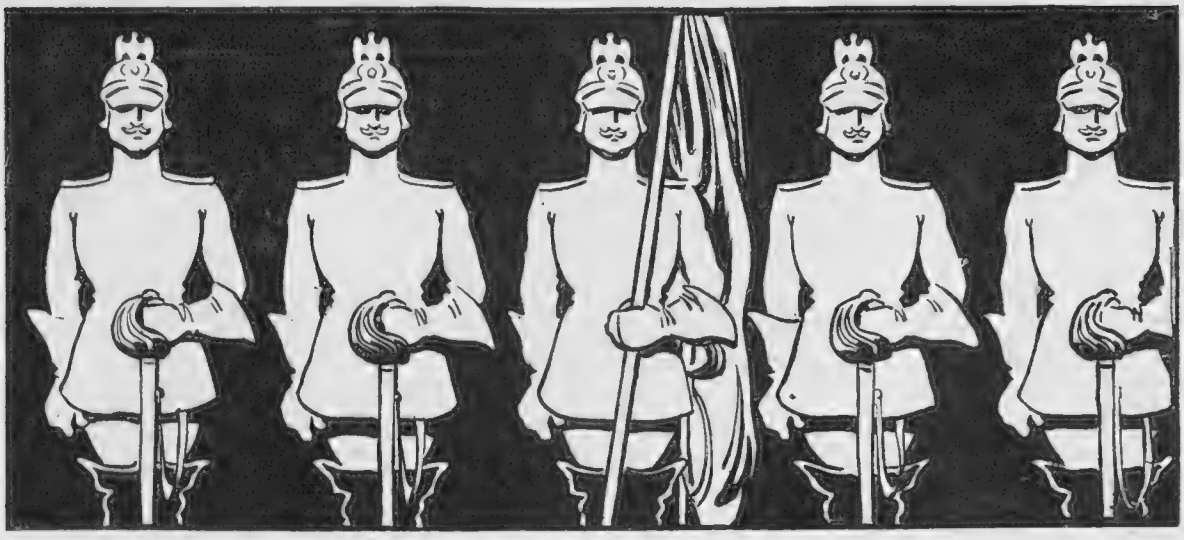
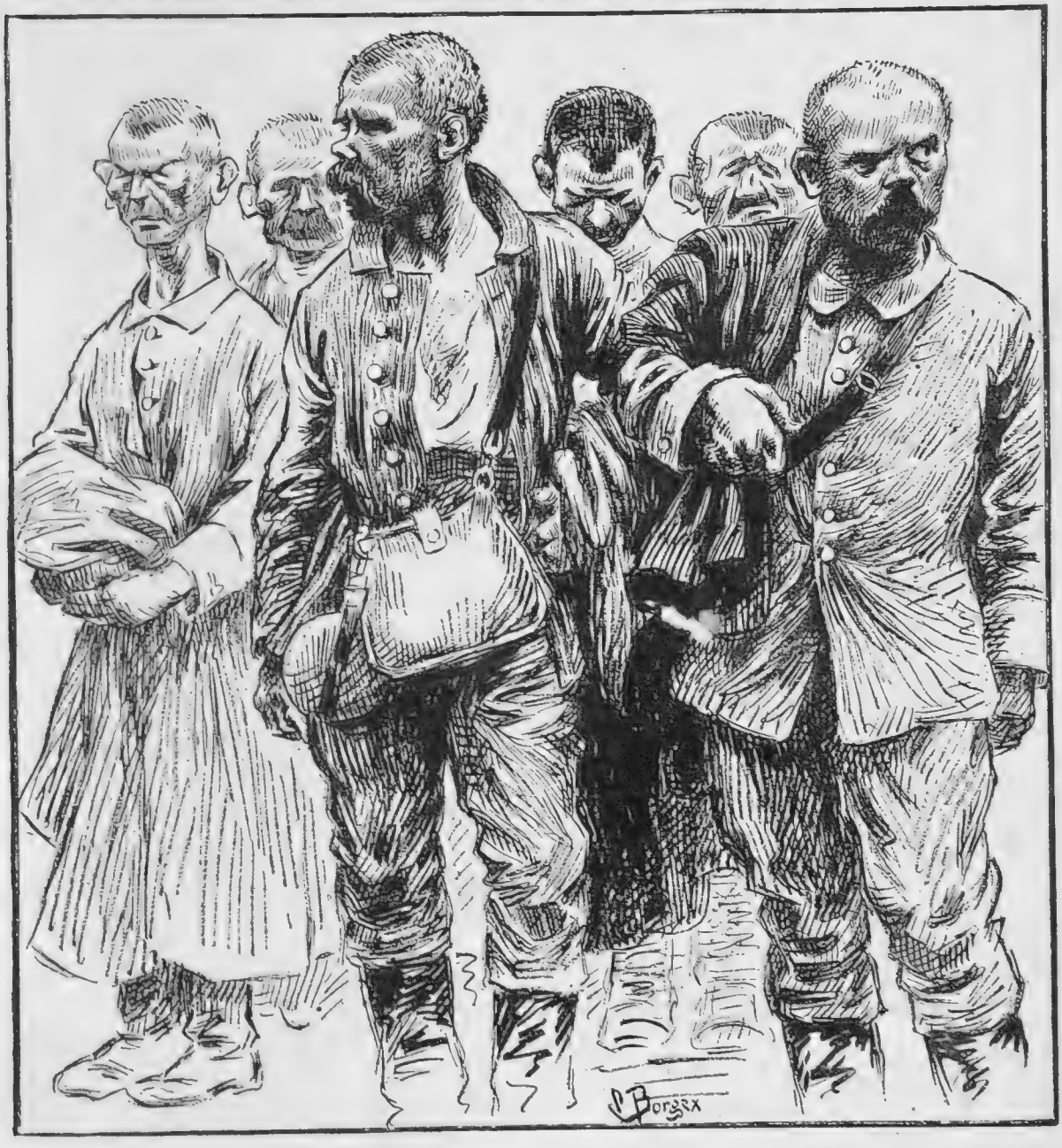
For This Relief No Thanks

It has been complained that the papers contain little or nothing else than the war news. For my part, I am well content. To turn to any of the other items of news of the doings of our beloved country is to suffer acute misery. For instance. A Judge passes on a German charged with keeping a secret wireless apparatus the sentence of fourteen days in the second division! The heads of Aberystwith University have allowed the German teachers to return to their posts for the autumn term! An action against a workhouse doctor for mildly castigating refractory children is actually tried — and in these days of iron discipline for all. How many "tails" of string were there, and did they leave marks! If these are the glimpses of Old England which we are to be given to relieve us from war news, thank you, we prefer to be left without them!

The Apostles of Culture





(1) AS THEY THOUGHT THEY WOULD BE APPEARING JUST NOW IN THE ENEMY'S CAPITALS, AND (2) AS THEY ARE APPEARING

BY L. BORGEX

The End of a Gallant Resistance

EPISODES IN THE ANGLO-BELGIAN RETREAT FROM ANTWERP

THE BELGIAN FIELD ARMY ON THE MARCH TO OSTEND

ENGLISH AND BELGIAN SOLDIERS UNLOADING HAY
Where and when we prefer to leave to the reader's imagination

COMRADES IN A LIKE MISFORTUNE
Of which they make light. An English Artillery-man and a Belgian Grenadier

TIRED OUT FOR ONCE
But not of the kind that gives in readily as the adjacent picture shows

GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING
Belgian soldiers enjoying a "paddle" just the thing after a long tramp—at Ostend

The story of the fall of Antwerp affords cumulative evidence of the bravery and resource of the Belgian Field Army and of the small but devoted band of Britons who were sent at the eleventh hour to its support

The Last Relic of Old Flanders

TO BE CONTAMINATED BY THE PRESENCE OF THE INVADER

"IN THE MARKET-PLACE OF BRUGES
STANDS THE BELFRY OLD AND BROWN"

Photograph] LE QUAI VERT, BRUGES *[Photochrom*

The news of the occupancy—fortunately without damage—of Bruges brought home to English people more than even that of Brussels and Antwerp, the nearness of the advance to our shores. Everybody who has been abroad knows and loves the old city of the bridges and the belfry, and who that has affectionate memories of the quiet and charm of the place will not have had a pang of anguish that it should be compelled to tolerate the presence, even peaceful, of the Prussian vandals, whose respect for the architectural relics of the past has been shown by their treatment of Louvain, Dinant and Rheims

* *At the moment of going to press*

BELLICOSITIES

THE charges against Britons of being thieves, liars, pirates, etc., continue in the German papers. But their editors are careless. They ought not to permit to appear, side by side with these, allusions to ourselves as "a kindred race."

* * *

Five Austrian Generals have been suddenly removed —at their own request, for reasons of health. The complaint is, we understand, the Russian "grippe."

* * *

"We venture to think," writes the *Times*, "that history will repeat itself, and that the Steppes of Russia will again prove the grave of an overweening ambition." One must not be too squeamish about the cemetery of one's enemies: still, one *would* have liked to bury them a *little* nearer Berlin.

* * *

"A strong German force has occupied . . . (excision by the Censor)." Here the Censor's motive is presumably the enemy's good. If he learned from the British Press of the movements of his own forces he might run the serious risk of becoming swollen-headed.

As the German troops released from Antwerp are, it is said, mostly Landwehr (Reservists), the position of the Allied forces may be said to be between the 'Wehr and the Oise.

* * *

"Germany alone can save us," is, according to the *Times*, the despairing cry of the Austrians. They are right. Germany is going to save them so much trouble that they will not even be expected to continue to exist.

* * *

The armies of the Dual Monarchy, by the way, have reason to complain that they receive none of the abusive attention that the British Press gives to their German Allies. Very well. We venture to supply the defect.

Austri-*Huns!*
Hun-garians!!

* * *

The report of the raising of the siege of Przemysl is Przemature.

* * *

After a good run as Attila, Kaiser Wilhelm is now appearing on the boards as Anti-Christ, and people are beginning to find texts in Isaiah about him.

* * *

A TONSORIAL TRANSFORMATION

How a German spy, by trade a barber, with the aid of a pair of scissors and a pot of glue, successfully disguised himself and his pet dachshund

SIVED AGINE

DEAR BYSTANDER, — Seen the Zeppelin article on p. 4 of the *Daily Mail* to-day (October 15)?

Summary thereof goes as follows:

The *D.M.* Aerial Expert "introduced the aeroplane" (*vide* title).

The *D.M.* have fostered the development thereof by giving colossal prizes (enumerated).

The aeroplane is to attack the Zeppelin when it comes.

Therefore, the country is to be saved, once more, by the *D.M.*

Yours, F. B.

* * *

After the half-sized numbers of September most of the monthly magazines are now giving their normal number of pages. "Notwithstanding our abbreviated size," announces one of them, "last month's issue was entirely sold out." Notwithstanding or because of?

* * *

"The season for Grand Opera in New York," writes a contemporary, "is less promising than usual, many great artists being detained by various reasons in Europe." Now we wonder what these reasons can be!

BELLICOSITIES (concluded)

Things We Dread

THE RETURN OF OUR STAFF AFTER THE WAR

"Bomb Outrages in New York," shouts the placard. This is not another German victory; the church was not hurt.

* * *

Russian Official Report: "We have sunk two German submarines."

German Official Report: "We have lost no submarines."

Our Private Belief: "There are no submarines at all."

Count Bernstorff continues in America to talk his head off, particularly about the use by the Allies of dum-dum bullets. President Wilson is said to have hinted that Germany should try the use of dumb-dumb diplomatists.

* * *

It is rumoured that Admiral von Tirpitz intends shortly to board his flagship and come out to fight. We hope (and presume) that, appropriately enough, he will be blown "tir pitz."

[We insert this with deep regret. But this column had to be filled.—Ed.]

The Eyes of an Army

SOME OF THE WAYS IN WHICH THE SCOUT PLAYS HIS IMPORTANT RÔLE

CENSORING A SIGN-POST IN BELGIUM

So that the way may be made less plain for the oncoming Germans

"HE is a bigger loss to me than a brigade of cavalry," were Wellington's words when the death of his famous scout, Captain Colquhoun, was reported to him. The scout must be a picked man, with the eye and intelligence of a Sherlock Holmes, ready to interpret the true significance of the rise of a flock of birds, of a puff of smoke, or a cloud of dust. Upon his efficiency the fate of whole armies has often before now hinged

A FRENCH MOTOR-CYCLIST SCOUT

The dog accompanies him, and has been trained to carry back his report

WATCH TOWERS, ANIMATE AND INANIMATE

A cavalry horse specially trained to stand steady while his rider keeps a look-out

Portable observatories used by the German advance guard. They are sometimes armoured

To Enable the Sailor to Save Himself

THE ADMIRALTY'S ADOPTION OF THE NEW LIFE-SAVING COLLAR

THE COLLAR DEFLATED

It weighs but two ounces, and can be "stowed" in the pocket

THE Admiralty regretfully decided, after the loss of the three cruisers, that valuable ships must no longer be risked in life-saving when submarines are around. Attention is therefore once again directed to aids to individual life-saving. Among these is the life-saving collar shown in the three photographs on this page a million of which have been ordered by the Admiralty

HOW VALUABLE LIVES WERE LOST AT THE SINKING OF THE "CRESSY" ON SEPTEMBER 22

(Reproduced from "The Graphic" by kind permission)

INFLATING THE COLLAR

It can be filled and secured round the neck with a clasp in a few seconds

THE COLLAR IN OPERATION

It keeps the wearer afloat, his head above water, thereby greatly increasing his chance of being picked up

The PEACE of KRUPP

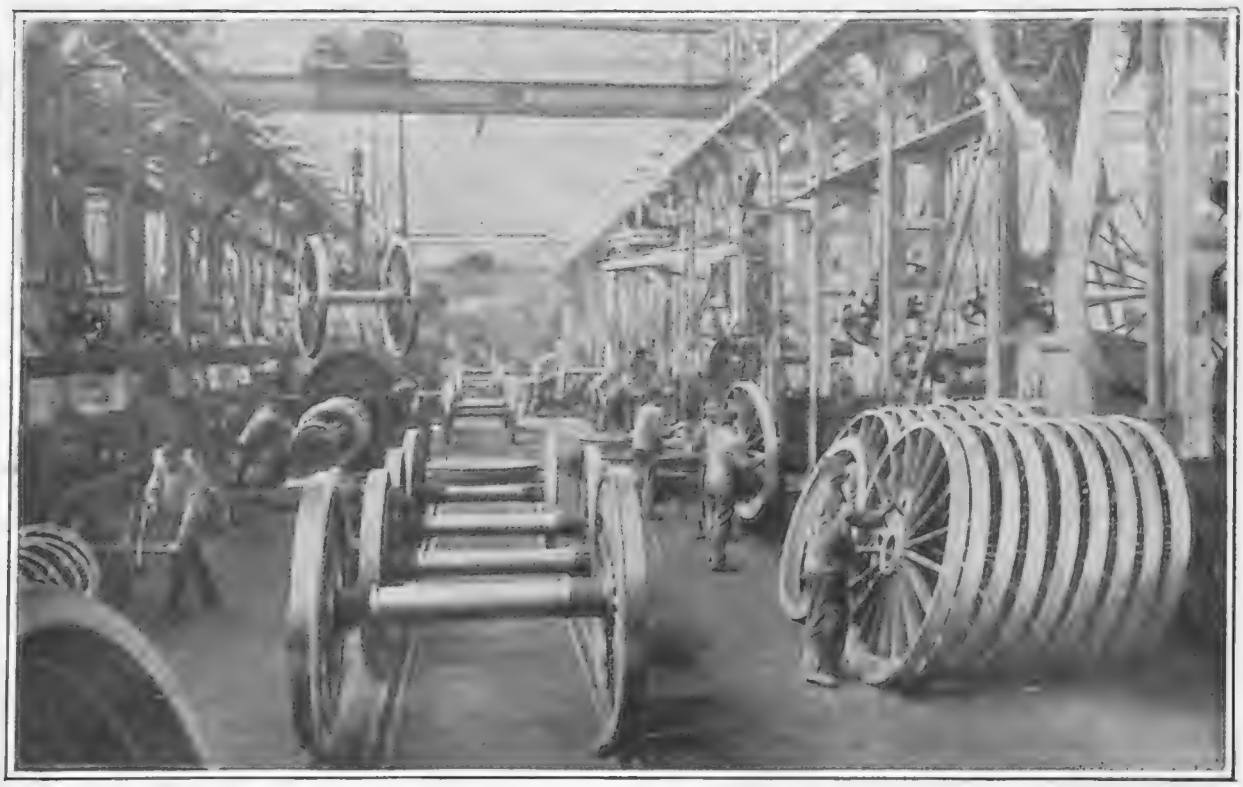
IT is to Krupp that Germany owes what success is hers against the Allies. It was the Krupp siege gun that brought down Liège, Namur, Maubeuge, and Antwerp, the great fortresses to which the Allies looked in vain to delay the advance of the enemy.

Now it is again to Krupp that she looks for the next job—the subjugation of Britain. Krupp has given them a torpedo which sends ships to the bottom like a plumb, without foundering. Krupp has, also, it is said, a new naval gun as deadly as the siege gun, kept specially in reserve for the British fleet and the British coast defences. With this, aided by submarines, mines, and Zeppelin bombs, Germany expects to secure the subjugation of England. Then she will have the World at her feet, put there by Krupp. For her triumph she will be indebted not to the superiority of her sons' valour—for it is admitted that in valour they met their match in the Allies—but to the superiority of Krupp's explosives.

I wonder what is the Philosophy of this? What kind of World-power is it that is won by explosives? What kind of Peace is that which may be forced on the World by the laboratories of Essen? After the war the Allies—if defeated—will all come to the same conclusion. In *moral*, in strategy, in the use of the recognised weapons of war, they proved themselves abreast of their victor. But in explosives they were behind him. His big guns, by land and sea, his bombs above and his mines below, turned the scale in his favour. What was signed would be the Peace of Krupp. The nations of the world would be *blown* into obedience to the Germans, and to escape from it there will be only one way—to blow themselves out of it. In other words, after the war, the minds of all men will turn to explosives.

The concentrated aim of all Science will be to out-Krupp Krupp. Every chemist will have in his dreams a scrap of paper, to be bought from him on a day by the head of some State, the effect of which will be, on a later day, to blow the Kaiser out of the place which he blew himself in the sun. Directly one Power thinks it has the right scrap of paper, then we shall have beaten up for us all over again all the old, old controversies, and once more the nations of Europe will prepare for another carnival of blood. And, in that, by the ordinary laws of Destiny, Germany will go down.

For a Peace which rests on Tri-Nitro-Toluene (the name of the newest of the explosives) cannot possibly be one which will receive the insignia of the approval of the Prince of Peace. The nations that bred Shakespeare, Molière, Rubens, Tolstoi, and Dante may have the greatest respect for the nation that bred Goethe. They might be persuaded into



ESSENTIALLY ESSEN

A turning shop for mounted wheels at Krupp's cast steel works

believing that nation to be their superior, but they cannot be blown into so regarding it. All the "T.N.T." in the world will not lessen the British, French, and Italian belief that their culture is at least the equal of the German, and so long as the latter look to Krupp to keep them in subservience, so long will there be no peace in the world.

If the Kaiser wins this war, and wants Peace to reign thereafter, he must do a Most Tremendous Thing. He must mount Krupp guns on the hills outside Essen and blow the Works of Krupp into a million smithereens. It would be the most sublime piece of super-ingratitude ever committed in the history of the world, but it would pay him in the hereafter.

The Perverted Village

SOME LINES—AFTER GOLDSMITH—DEDICATED TO HERR KRUPP

Sweet Essen, loathliest village of the plain,
Where devil's work enslaves the labouring swain,
And plots to drench the world in blood are made,
And nations 'neath the rule of iron are laid.
Where novel lines each morn and eve are planned
In butchery, that Prussia's King may stand
Knee-deep in gore upon the shameful grave
Of nations who had dared be small—and brave.
Sweet Essen, home of wreckage and rapine,
Beware! One day shall vengeance cross the Rhine.

Tea With the Recruits

A WOMAN'S GLIMPSE OF TOMMY ATKINS IN THE MAKING

THE other afternoon I was asked by a war-bitten and enthusiastic friend of mine to a tea-party she was giving some recruits in one of the many headquarters where the youth of the country are trained to face the rigours of war.

Excuses were useless: my friend is a lady of might and will, and I—well, I give in when the fact of not giving in demands too much energy.

In the taxi laden with sweets, tobacco, pipes, shirts, and other miscellaneous things for the delectation of "Tommy Atkins in the Making"—I viewed my French creation with some misgiving, wishing I had at least put on a Burberry suit or something more in keeping with the whole aspect of the expedition.

I thought it best to simulate a sudden and rather disconcerting interest in the said shirts. I inquired who made them and what they were made of. My friend, rather mistrusting my sudden change of front, turned her managing eye upon me as though she feared this was a ruse, and replied sweetly, "Flannel." I heard no more. That one word was sufficient, the very sound of the word flannel had always from my earliest recollections been a nightmare, recalling as it did the agony I suffered when, as a small, sensitive child, I had been forced by a Welsh aunt to retire for my nightly slumbers clad in that noxious material—all this flashed vividly through my brain, and the voice of my Energetic Friend fell upon my ears, explaining in a jubilant tone the forceful manner in which she had marched into an Oxford Street shop and commandeered an armful of these terrible things!

"My dear! They absolutely hadn't a shirt on their backs." (I am afraid this recruiting work is dulling her sense of refinement.) "So I went into one of the large outfitting shops and asked the manager if they would give their country some flannel shirts. He seemed rather taken back, and seeing a huge pile of the very kind of shirt I wanted on my right hand, and knowing possession is nine points of the law, I promptly took the bundle up and graciously thanked him for his gift to his country."

To realise the possibility of this act you should meet my Energetic Friend. I always feel—dearly as I love her—that a giant Grenadier was lost when the Fates decided on her sex.

Well. We arrived laden. Before the taxi drew up the door was opened by a spotty youth in an ill-fitting khaki suit. Half a dozen others vied with each other in their attempts to help us to alight.

I found myself in a big entrance hall with khaki-clad figures everywhere. I've never been a shy woman where the opposite sex are concerned, but I must own when I suddenly found myself in the midst of an extremely polite and deferential crowd of them being slowly piloted towards a large hall I felt somewhat at a loss. Faintly familiar sounds heralded two extremely self-conscious recruits playing that long-deceased game of ping-pong. Others were amusing themselves with billiards and chess. I stood watching the ping-pongers and consigning my Energetic Friend to the nether regions for her base desertion of me in the hour of my need, when suddenly my attention was caught by a tall, good-looking recruit whose suit really fitted him, playing a weird and fascinating game in a corner. I asked what game he was playing, and then came the fated answer, "A sort o' toss 'a'penny, ma'am." Toss halfpenny! I had all my life wanted to be initiated into the mysteries of that alluring game. I walked quickly across the room to the "toss 'a'penny one," who, was playing alone; seeing me approach he stopped his game and inquired, "If I would care to?" I did care to, and was promptly initiated into the gentle art.

I learned quickly the rules of "Toss A'penny," and became so keenly engrossed in competition that I failed to notice the number of khaki-clad spectators, or the approach of my Energetic Friend. My face became flushed and my eyes bright with excitement, for I was winning, and certainly the audience seemed to wish me to win. The announcement of tea even failed to damp my ardour, and not until the finish of the game with the result of quits did I become conscious of my surroundings. Although I tried to imagine I was bored, I was not, and when finally I was sitting down to tea at a table covered with bread and butter, jam, sardines, ham, pickles, cakes, biscuits, etc., I forgot to remember the horror with which I had read of such teas as these.

The final crumbling of my presence of mind occurred when I heard the voice of my Energetic Friend telling a recruit to pass me a plate of ham—ham and pickles! And for tea, too! I meekly succumbed to devouring with relish the first, and only a faint glimmer of remaining sanity enabled me to escape the second. I was at the end of a long table completely surrounded by these khaki-clad figures. The surrender of my dignity in the play-hall enabled me now boldly to survey my surroundings. There were all sorts and conditions—fat, thin, pale, and brown; very young, all of them, and very, very keen. Their very aliveness made me, with my twenty-five years, feel an ancient mariner. Somehow the last hint of boredom vanished, and I forgot myself in the interest of their various confidences.

My tall toss a'penny one, by this time an old friend, sat on my right. Shyly he drew from his pocket a letter, and handed it to me with the remark, "That's my sweetheart's writing." I knew by the way he said it that he was proud of her. Diffidently I took the

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THE INTRODUCTION OF THE BILLET

letter up, remarking as I did so that I was sure he was a lucky man to possess such a sweetheart; but the disappointment on his face told me something was wanting, and some instinct made me say, "Am I to read it?"

The delight on his face reassured me. It was a good letter; the sort of letter one hardly expected from a little lace-worker from the Midlands. At the end were rows and rows of kisses. This was the signal for them all to look upon me as their confidant. They all started fumbling in their pockets.

"That's my sweetheart," said a very young boy opposite, and handed me a card on which the two young hopeful things looked out, each from a little oval surrounded by forget-me-nots and maidenhair. The girl was a pretty child of not more than fifteen. All the others joined me in exclamations of admiration. Others followed and were duly admired. Meanwhile I noticed that my old friend—he of the letter—was looking a little disconcerted.

"Where is your girl's photograph?" I asked. "It should be there," and I pointed to his breast.

"Ah, I don't keep it on me, ma'am," he said. "It gets all soaked when we go long marches. Keep it in my bag."

"You should have a little bit of oilskin to wrap it in. That would keep it all right."

Presently the conversation left the sweethearts—not, however, until they had all been thoroughly discussed and described—and turned to the subject of kit.

"And this," said my companion, guiding my attention from his neighbours' breeches to his own waistcoat. "All wool and 'and-knitted. Keeps you warm. And this," he added quickly lest some prickly looking socks on my left should succeed in gaining my attention. I had to put my hand inside his coat and feel his shirt. Flannel, thick scrubby flannel!

"How beautiful," I said. "It must be very c-comfortable," and a cold shiver coursed down my spine; a vision of my Welsh aunt rose before my mind.

"Yes, fine," he said, and gave his shoulders a shake, caressing, as it were, the hateful material.

The cold shudder had reached well down my legs as I turned to admire the scrubby socks.

"Feel 'em," said the owner, and as my fingers touched the thick, tickly wool, a second shudder started on its way to join the first.

After tea the presents were distributed. I had to help them choose their pipes.

"Which would you choose, ma'am?" said one, holding two new and self-conscious looking pipes in his hand and looking at me as though an oracle about to deliver the judgment of the gods.

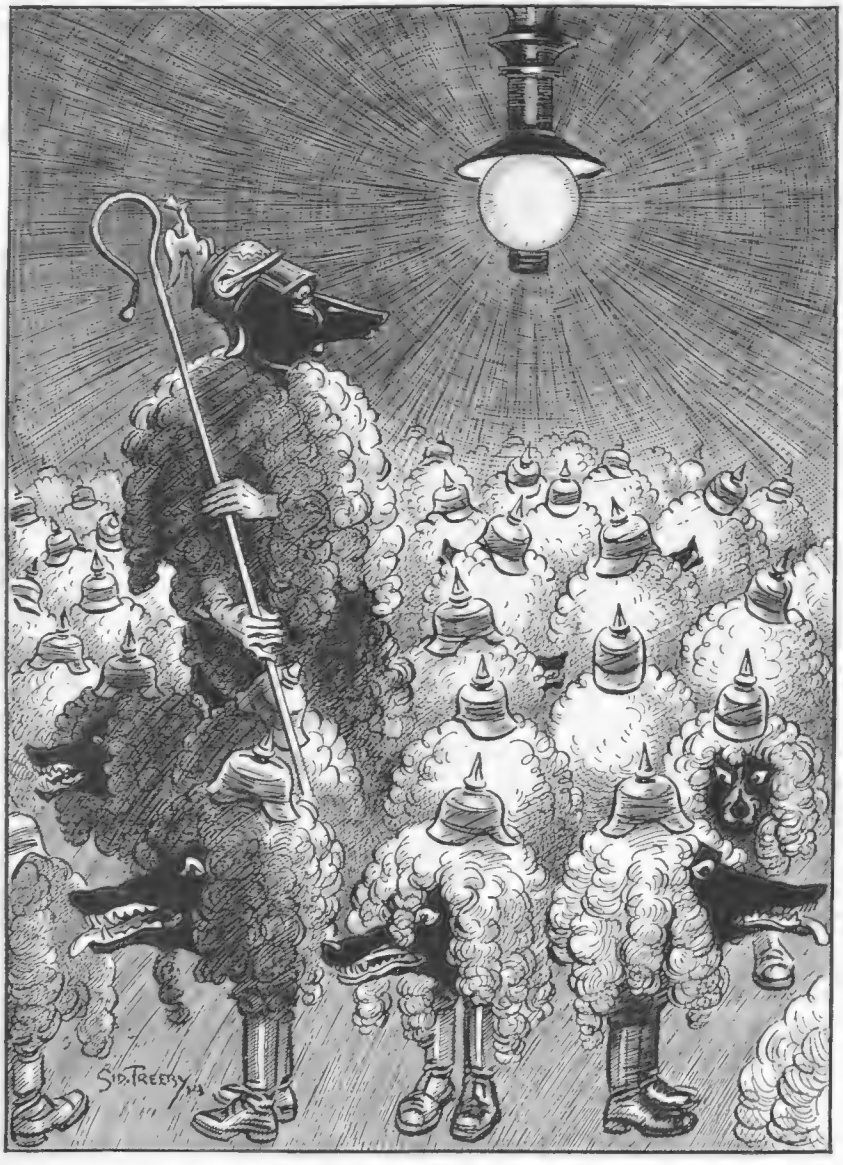
"The short one. Keep your nose warm." And my brilliant wit met with loud guffaws.

And so it went on. I gave them good advice, and used the slang of my erstwhile schoolboy brothers.

When finally my Energetic Friend came bustling along and hauled me away with loud accusations of myself as a flirt, I felt that my Paris creation was indeed a flimsy and futile thing, and I would have given much at the moment to change it for the flannel shirt and khaki suit of one of those hopeful human boys, who had volunteered to fight for the Right and their country's good.

I am now an amateur recruiting sergeant myself, and go hustling round the parks and enticing them in. My friend thinks I am coming along very well.

LOUIS RIEN



IN THE PROVERBIAL SHEEP'S CLOTHING

It is reported that immense quantities of sheepskin clothing are being got ready for the German troops for winter use

IF Prussian Militarism Survives

III.—SUPER-MANKIND EVOLVED BY THE BRUTE-FORCE RÉGIME

A Strategic Retreat from Ghent

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

WE were still in Ghent when the news came through that the Germans were back again at Melle, in spite of the very plain hint they had already received that their presence there was not desired. The route of the tramcar had been very much curtailed since our last excursion, and we were soon obliged to get out and walk. But I have always held that there is no better way to see the world than afoot. We found ourselves on a quiet country road with nothing about it to suggest the inferno that had broken out a little farther on. Almost all the inhabitants hereabouts seemed to be professional horticulturists. Mile after mile we walked past gardens filled with a riotous profusion of scarlet and gold, and perfectly cultivated grounds alive with blooms of softer hue that seemed to speak to us of nothing but the gentle way of peace. Here one might have said was the ideal spot in which to pitch one's tent, and to forget amid the soothing beauty of the gorgeous countryside the turmoil and strife of the rest of Europe. And yet a bare half-dozen miles along the road. . . .

It was just outside Melle that we had the first indication that trouble was in the air. A group of men, women, and children came tramping towards us, many of them pushing wheelbarrows and perambulators containing all that was left of their ruined homes, and the look on the faces of them all was that of silent, pitiful despair. A little farther on we came to another group sitting by the roadside, apparently cherishing a lingering hope that they might yet receive from the military the news that they could go back with safety.

I stopped and spoke to an old lady—a peasant, truly, but of courtly manner for all that. She was sitting on the bank by the roadside, and I asked permission to sit beside her. She bowed quietly, and said "Monsieur" in a tone that signified consent. I asked her if she belonged to Melle. She replied that she belonged to the next village, but had been brought by her neighbours into Melle because THEY were out yonder. The word "They" has only one meaning at the moment to these poor people; it is a tribute to their forbearance and charity that they do not speak of the Hun with a truer and worser word. The old lady did not want to leave her home, but she had been told it was her duty to do so. She had left behind in the other village her son and her three grandchildren—"little girls, monsieur"—and then there came a painful catch in her gentle voice, and she bent her head and fell to telling her beads with a trembling haste. I said in two or three consoling words what I thought I ought to say, and then I came away, wondering whether it was worth the great War Lord's while to waste the lives of men for such a gain as this.

At the entrance to the village of Melle we found a number of Belgian soldiers sitting or sprawling on the pathway outside the inn. They seemed

"At Melle we found a number of Belgian soldiers sitting or sprawling on the pathway outside the inn"

to glance at us as if they really did not care whether we went past them or not, but, then, as the poet has so justly observed, appearances deceive. While we were still a dozen yards away a soldier stepped forward and held out his rifle at arm's length in the benevolent desire to warn us that he was properly armed. He seemed particularly anxious that we should not fail to note that he had got his bayonet fixed. As the last thing we could both have wished for would have been a random prod with a bayonet, we stood still and held up our papers, and the man with the gun then gave us permission to approach him. He examined our credentials, and said quite curtly, "*Non!*" I appealed to his superior officer, who looked at our papers, and seemed quite interested at the sight of my photograph. He asked if it really was my own portrait, but I had never suspected that the thing flattered me as much as all that. He then returned the passports to me and indicated the men behind him with a wave of his hand as though to say that if we desired anything in the shape of a little scuffle he would be in a position to make it very interesting for us. For my part, however, it is long since I was young enough to cherish the dream of being able to tackle a dozen armed men single-handed. Whatever I may be, I am no D'Artagnan. So I apologised for the trouble we had given, and turned to go back.

Then a strange thing happened. The business-like soldier whose curtness had impressed me rather unfavourably, stepped out of the ranks, and, addressing us in English, said he hoped we would understand that they were only doing their duty in turning us back so unceremoniously. Speaking for himself, he was very sorry we had come all that way for nothing, but there was "a little business" going on "out there," and he pointed in the direction of Alost. He was a strange little man—unshaven, unwashed, and covered with mud and dust, but his manners were quite perfect. I offered him my hand, and as he took it I said we would have a bottle of wine together when the war was over. He made no reply, but pressed my hand a little more warmly, and looked out dreamily and ominously towards Alost. I wonder what he could have seen there. I wonder.

After that there was nothing for us but the policy of the strategic retreat. The Belgian soldier had hinted to me that the "Boches" had a way of shooting suspicious-looking people at sight; and though I was satisfied that my own distinguished appearance would save me from any grave inconvenience of that kind, I was equally certain that Mr. Morrow would have been a clear case for swift, even if somewhat tardy, justice. And I had promised the Editor so faithfully that I would look after the lad.

AN IMPRESSION OF A STREET IN GHENT JUST BEFORE THE GERMAN OCCUPATION

We tramped back to the tramway terminus, and found a car had just started. As we understood there would not be another for some time, we gave chase to the one that was still in sight. The conductor made a sign that he could not stop for us, and then we had the happy idea of waving our passports at him. I mean, if the signature of my friend Sir Edward Grey is not good enough to stop a tramcar, what is it good for, anyway? The car pulled up with a jerk.

When we got back to Ghent we heard that it had been decided to give the Germans a free pass to the city in return for their kindness in not bombarding its churches; and we, therefore, pushed on to Ostend. We managed to get on the steamer after I had signed a declaration to the effect that we were respectable people—the recording angel will doubtless overlook the gentle perjury in the stress of circumstances—and, as Pepys might have said—so home. JINGLE

What Some Women Have Done

BY "EFEMERA"

A VERY long time ago, in the Dark Ages, when women ventured to invade the medical profession, they were laughed at for their pains. The very idea that they might attend on *men* was too ridiculous to be treated with anything but scorn. The "lady doctor" was a distinctly comic figure. This in time of peace. The possible use of women surgeons and doctors in war was a thing not to be considered. Prominent men of the medical profession discountenanced it as impracticable. Fancy a wounded soldier allowing himself to be operated on by a woman!

Fortunately women doctors are not easily discouraged. Under the auspices of the Women's National Service League and the direction of Mrs. St. Clair Stobart, a hospital, complete in every detail, was organised and established in Antwerp, where the Belgian authorities gave Mrs. Stobart the use of a large concert hall belonging to the Société de l'Harmonie. There were one hundred beds with bedding, all necessary medical supplies, a full X-Ray outfit contributed by Lady Cowdray, and a complete staff consisting of six women doctors, headed by Dr. Florence Stoney, twelve qualified nurses, and ten orderlies, including cooks.

TRIED AND NOT FOUND WANTING

The staff of the hospital organised by Mrs. St. Clair Stobart (who is seen in the centre wearing a hat) in Antwerp. The story of their brave deeds in, and subsequent escape from, the doomed city is recounted on this page

The work done by this devoted band speaks for itself, since when Antwerp fell the hospital sheltered one hundred and thirty patients, Belgian and English. So far from finding reluctance on the part of soldiers to being attended by women, Mrs. Stobart has told me personally that the patients appeared delighted with the gentleness of their treatment. Not one objected to either surgery or nursing.

All was going well when the bombardment of Antwerp began. It is a proof of the efficiency and presence of mind of the staff that not a woman lost her head. Within twenty-five minutes from the time the first German shell fell—as it chanced, in the hospital garden—all the patients were dressed, those who could walk conducted to a place of greater safety, and the helpless carried to the cellar. During the hell which followed Mrs. Stobart and the doctors and nurses of her staff walked unconcernedly through a rain of projectiles to and from the convent across the way and into the town to obtain supplies and food for their patients. When it became evident that Antwerp must fall the sixteen helpless patients were placed in a motor-lorry in charge of Dr. Ramsay and six doctors and nurses, and sent off to make their way to the Dutch border and safety. The other twenty-one women settled themselves to await the return of the lorry—the only means of conveyance at their disposal. Hours passed and there was no sign of the lorry. Clearly it had not been able to return. Said Mrs. Stobart to me, "Knowing what the Germans are, I felt that I had to get those women away before they entered the town."

She went out alone in search of some chance vehicle, but was able to find nothing. Finally she saw approaching three English motor-'buses, and standing in the roadway, hailed them. They were loaded with ammunition, but the drivers agreed to take passengers if there should be no delay. Mrs. Stobart summoned her staff, and doctors, nurses and orderlies made their escape sitting on the packed ammunition. They could carry nothing with them, the equipment of the hospital had to be abandoned.

These women have established a record of which anyone might be proud. Cool in danger, efficient, resourceful, they took thought for themselves only when the last of their patients had been safely disposed of. They have been tried and not found wanting. And they are not discouraged. Their one desire is to return to service. It is their wish to offer themselves to the French Government, since further work in Belgium is an obvious impossibility. With undaunted energy they have set themselves to gather fresh funds and equipment. Experience has shown that they need a motor ambulance of their own. Women who long to help, whose sympathy goes out to the wounded, and who lack the necessary training and opportunity can do no better than to set these devoted women on their way to fresh achievement. Many of us can help a little, and any contribution, however modest, will be gladly received by Lady Muir Mackenzie, of the Women's National Service League, 39, St. James's Street, Piccadilly.

EFEMERA

An Anglo-American Wedding

Photograph LADY VICTORIA PERY [*Lallie Charles*

The beautiful and gifted daughter of the Earl of Limerick, and one of the most popular women in Society, who was married last week at New Jersey (U.S.A.) to Mr. James Cox Brady, an American millionaire and a director of several big undertakings

The News as We Get It

FROM OUR VERY OWN "EYE-WITNESS" AT THE FRONT

AFTER a busy day in my office I was at last free to take my way homewards, and seeing by a contents bill that a new official report had been received from the front I bought an evening paper. As I walked up and down the platform with the paper beneath my arm unopened I wondered whether anything would have been revealed of the situation in any of the various theatres of war, North, South, East and West, in each of which engagements were pending of vital moment to the future history of the world. Here is what I found awaiting my fevered news-palate:—

"Amplifying my last report I cannot do better than draw attention to the lubricating oil used on our ammunition carts. It has in every instance worked admirably, and the wheels of all our carts revolve at any of the speeds required of them without the slightest sound—and a screaming wheel, it will be easily understood by even the non-military mind, would be disadvantageous during any movements carried out during the night or when firing has temporarily ceased. We captured two German ammunition carts and a few fragments of the wheels of a third at about 8.35 a.m. last Thursday week. One of our hospital orderlies, who has had some training as an analytical chemist, took from these vehicles a little of the lubricating oil used by the Germans, and we can now definitely state that our oil is distinctly superior in many directions.

"A staff officer who was handed a notebook picked up from a fallen German told me that in this instance, as in nearly every other, the grade of pencil used was H.B. One would have thought that a harder quality would have been more useful, as the difficulty of frequently sharpening a pencil in the hurly-hurly of the battlefield is obviously great.

"The nettles that grow in this part of France are extremely inconvenient when our men have to crawl on their hands and knees, but so far no casualties from this source have been reported.

"The middle part of the day for the past week (up to and including last Saturday, 29th ult.) has generally been comfortably warm, especially if there is no rain, but at night the temperature invariably shows a marked fall, and warm clothes are naturally not to be despised.

"Animadverting again to the weather, I omitted to report in a previous communication that the morning haze rises almost to the level of the second storey of the little Romanesque Church, just below a portion of our front. The upper part of this almost English-looking tower seems to float in the billows of diaphanous vapour.

"Our airmen have retained their appetites in a wonderful way, in spite of their bird-like habits. A pilot is reported to have consumed a whole chicken and a large bowl of salad for supper on the 23rd, but there has been no time to confirm the story.

"Two motor omnibuses were almost overturned on a steep hill last Thursday about 4.30 p.m., and one of our men found that both were still bearing the number of the service which runs to Turnham Green.

"I overheard two of our men saying that they hadn't had any 'pain' since breakfast, and inquired what they meant. With a grin one said he was referring to the staff of life. Further stories of this character will be interpolated into all my future communications. . . ."

I turned wearily to the lists of subscriptions to various funds, and to an unconfirmed message from Rome that a great-grand-uncle of the Kaiser was indisposed.

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT

Now that a shortage is said to have occurred in the German army's remount department

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SKIRTS
For
Walking, Golf,
and all Sports.

No. 51.

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At the Sign of

the Four Poster.

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Specimen prices:

All Wool Mattress, 3 feet wide from 11/-
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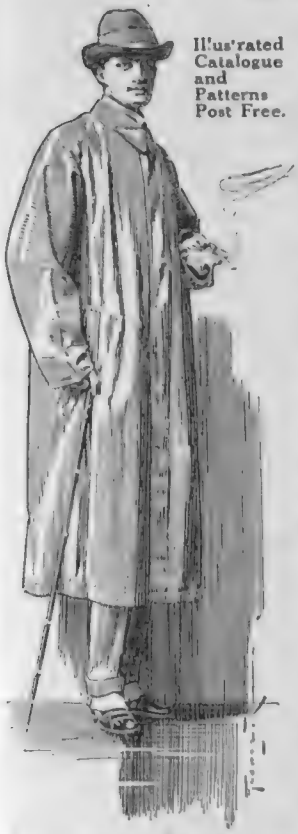

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AND A
PRETTY CHIN.

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MEDICALLY APPROVED.

Wrinkles, Crow's Feet, and that ugly droop at the corners of the mouth can be cured by her method.

NOTICE.—**Madame Elvira will, owing to the general state of finance, make a considerable reduction in her fees to Ladies wishing to avail themselves of her treatment between now and Christmas.**

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BELFAST

"Carrying-On" in Theatreland

IN these days the semi-darkness of London nights makes the need of entertainments more imperative than ever. The gloomy streets offer an incentive to depression that may well have its influence on people of diseased imaginations, and in these bustling times London has really no room for people of that sort. Besides, according to the veracious chroniclers who have been told so by a friend who has heard it from somebody else, Berlin at night is one long round of undiluted gaiety; and I have it on very good authority indeed that we are as good as the Germans, any day—or night! I can vouch for the fact that even in Ghent, with the Germans knocking at the gates—with a pretty lively knock too—the picture palaces were doing a lively business; and I have no reason to suppose that these convenient places of entertainment are shutting up even now that the enemy has got his foot inside the door.

A FRAGMENT OF THE BALLET "EUROPE" AT THE EMPIRE, SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW

It is right that we should take this war as a very serious business, because that is just what it happens to be; but all work and no play is good neither for the body nor the soul. We must assume that in the present crisis everyone of us has done, or is trying to do, his "little bit" in the cause of British weal, and after the day's job is over, London, of all places in the world, ought to be encouraged to keep itself merry and bright.

MISS LAURETTE TAYLOR

As "Peg O' My Heart" at the Comedy Theatre, the delightful play that has come to brighten London at the right time

As far as an outsider may judge, most of the theatres that have bravely resolved to "carry on" during the present unseemly scuffle are at least paying their expenses. Some may even be making a profit, a detail which is, in its way, all to the good, since the theatrical profession, at least, has paid in full its share of the tribute to Mars. It is not easy, however, to glean from managers themselves a reliable statement of the manner in which their houses are being supported by the paying public. The average theatrical manager is, as far as communications to the Press are concerned, a person of incurable optimism. I have sometimes been told by a manager that a piece is "going splendidly," and on passing the theatre a day or two later I have found that it has gone altogether. What?

Perhaps the most successful of recent productions is *Peg O' My Heart* at the Comedy Theatre. The play itself is not exactly a masterpiece, but Miss Laurette Taylor, who plays the title rôle, is a little lady of genius. (I suppose if I were sinful enough to

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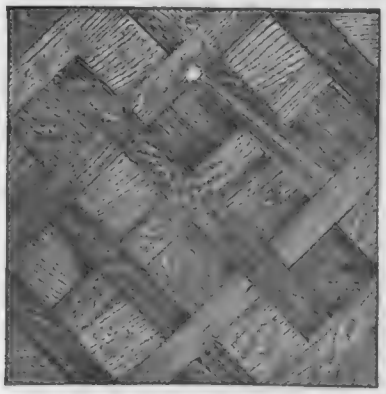

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Vitality in Relation to Waist Line

By CLAUDE B. HARPER

I HAVE discovered a practical method of analysing the physique so that I can explain why certain individuals are abnormally fat and why others are unnaturally thin.

No Straining, No Starving

I DEMONSTRATE the cause of fatness and leanness. I teach my pupils how to acquire normal measurements and weight; this is all done without apparatus, electricity, drugs, and without depriving you of appetising food. I train you in the New Science of Health, but there is no straining in my methods. You feel better, look better, and what is more satisfactory than anything is the fact that after the first lesson your waist measurement will be reduced 1 to 2 inches.

Removes the Cause

I UNDERSTAND the causes of Obesity, and while others have been working you and worrying you about your abdomen I have discovered how to teach you to obtain full control of the spinal nerves that are so important in the digestion and assimilation of your food.

You will see from the accompanying illustration that a "hollow back" must be straightened before you can free the nerves and obtain freedom from excessive fat. Note, too, in the outline illustration how the spine is straightened and strengthened, how the height is increased, and the youthfulness of the figure restored.

Appearance of Youth

WHEN you become a pupil of mine the difference in your appearance will be as marked to the eyes of yourself and others as it is shown in the outline. You feel and look 10 to 15 years younger. You become bright-spirited and full of energy, physical vigour, and organic power.

Easy to do

AFTER a few lessons every pupil says: "How simple and easy! Why didn't I know this before."

THE answer is because you did not know me or about my methods of teaching the New Science of Health. I publish this advertisement so that the readers of the *Bystander* may know my address. I invite you to call at my consultation rooms, where I have life-size human models, charts, drawings, and diagrams that enable me to explain how a wrongly poised spine and a protruding abdomen interfere with the nerve supply that controls the assimilation of your food.

Nerve Strength

I TEACH you correct Physical Poise and Physiological Balance. Nature cures you of whatever weakness, nervousness, or other trouble you may have.

EVERY pupil receives my personal instruction and you will be greatly benefited by a consultation with me. I will analyse your condition and fully explain my health teachings.

IF you desire to consult me it will cost you only the trouble of calling; I do not charge for this explanatory interview.

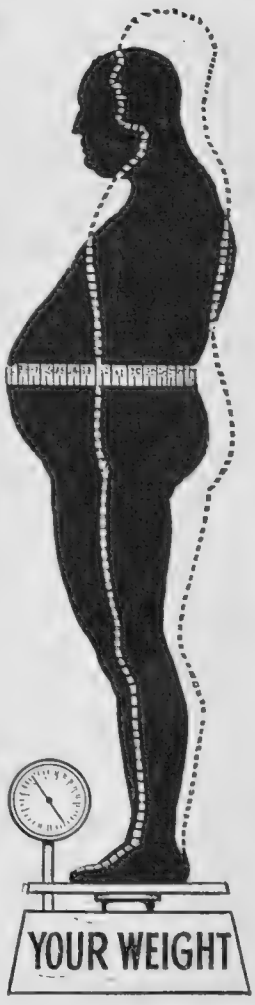
No Cheap Booklets

I HAVE no booklets or circular letters to send (printing is cheap) but if you will write me your age, weight, height, measurement around chest, waist, and hips, and state definitely your weaknesses and the improvement in health you desire I will write you a personal letter of advice that will be valuable to you.

My hours for consultation are from 10 to 4. Address:

Mr. Claude B. Harper,
12 Princes St., Hanover Sq., London, W.

A SPECIMEN copy of "The Backbone of England" which contains an illustrated article by me on the New Science of Health, together with other helpful articles on health, will be sent post free on request.—HARPER.



say that she is the Peg on which the play hangs I should be taken out and shot, though, perhaps, my recent brief experiences of martial law have made me morbidly apprehensive of British justice.) *Peg O' My Heart* is just the happy mixture of humour and pathos which, rightly compounded, is the secret of so many plays in London, and also in the United States, where, by the way, this play has already enjoyed a deservedly long run. Miss Laurette Taylor comes to London just at the right time, since she is offering an entertainment that is so attractive that people will be obliged to go and see it, and thus be diverted in spite of themselves.

The Variety Theatres seem to be able to look after their business at the present time very well, especially as in most cases the programme includes a "patriotic" turn to salve the consciences of those who are not altogether satisfied that it is their duty to go to a place of entertainment when they have done their work elsewhere. I was recently at the Empire Theatre, where, among many other entertaining features, was the "patriotic" spectacle, "Europe." With the help of a large map of Europe, a well-meaning attempt was made to construct a ballet showing the responsibility for the present war of those whom the gods seem to have made mad. (*Absit omen!*) It was all very light and bright and made a distinct appeal to the popular sentiment.

One thing that impressed me during this production was the scene of a battle, in the smoky environment of which appeared the figure of an actor made-up to look like the German Emperor. The chief flaw in such a representation is that the German Emperor has never had the plain courage to approach the firing line at any point; and I was sorry to see my countrymen taking the trouble to hiss the misguided man who is so pathetically striving by all the tricks of the theatrical costumier to pose, at one moment as Attila, and at another as Napoleon. I think myself that if a man is so moved that he must hiss in a theatre at the prominent personages of the war he should be called upon to show cause why he is not out trying, let us say, to capture the German Emperor.

MISS LILLAH McCARTHY

Whose admirable performance as Madame Mercedes Okraska, an eccentric pianist, is the leading feature of Mr. Haddon Chambers' play, "The Impossible Woman" at the Haymarket Theatre

PAVLOVA AND WOLININ

Who gave a special performance at the Palace Theatre last week in aid of the British and Russian Red Cross Societies. Madame Pavlova and her partner are seen here rehearsing for the performance

For this is the key to the present war. The Prussians, having no God, have fallen into the sad and ordinary mistake of constructing an idol of very inferior clay, and it only needs that we should take their idol and show how it can be broken, if necessary, in order to convince them of the lamentable error of their ways. The German Emperor is not a fair object for the superfluous venom of a great nation. He is a poor creature, physically and mentally deformed, and the all-powerful British nation has before it sterner work than that of throwing stones at the obviously unfit.

JINGLE

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 568.—Vol. XLIV. Wednesday, October 21, 1914 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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FINELY TIMBERED GROUNDS,

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THIS PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE IN THE ELIZABETHAN STYLE, approached by a drive ¾ mile long, and containing: oak-panelled hall, suite of reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, and good offices; all modern conveniences, including electric light, telephone, and Company's water; stabling for 4, garage; pleasure grounds of 10 acres, including tennis and croquet lawns, rose garden, and yew hedges; within easy reach of 3 golf links.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 2,555)

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NEAR A FAVOURITE SEASIDE RESORT, WITH FINE MARINE VIEWS.

THIS WELL-BUILT HOUSE, in the Early English Manor style, and possessing many unique attractions: 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; electric light; stabling and garage, 2 cottages.

GARDENS OF EXCEPTIONAL BEAUTY,
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AT VERY MODERATE RENTS.

SURREY.—1,000 acres, including a large proportion of coverts. 1,000 pheasants turned down. Few partridges and wild duck. 1 hour from Town.

HANTS.—1,900 acres, of which 210 acres are wood and 50 acres nice hedgerows. 1,100 pheasants put in covers. Fair stock of partridges.

SUFFOLK.—3,000 acres, including 200 acres of woods. Average bag 3,000 pheasants, 300 to 400 partridges besides woodcock, pigeons, etc.

NORFOLK.—4,000 acres, including 500 acres of woods and plantations. Bag last season 801 partridges, 1,334 pheasants, 2,673 rabbits, 70 hares, 141 duck, 54 woodcock.

SUSSEX.—900 acres, including 600 acres of coverts.

SURREY.—2,000 acres, including 500 acres of woodland. 1,000 pheasants reared; good partridge shooting.

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BETWEEN EPSOM AND REIGATE.
In a healthy and bracing position.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, Furnished, an attractive modern RESIDENCE, situated, 650ft. above sea level and in a good social district. The House contains: lounge hall with fireplace, drawing and dining rooms, 6 bedrooms, and 2 bathrooms; gas and Company's water, telephone; garage for 2 cars; well-laid-out grounds of 3 acres, including tennis lawn, flower garden, kitchen garden, and orchard; easy reach of famous golf course.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,887)

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400ft. above sea level. Gravel soil.
TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR WINTER OR LONGER.

AN ANCIENT RESIDENCE seated in a park of 170 acres with lake amidst lovely scenery. It contains some fine old oak beams and has all modern conveniences, including electric light and central heating; 6 reception rooms, 19 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms; stabling for 13; beautifully laid-out grounds, with 2 tennis lawns, wilderness walks, etc. Rough shooting over 350 acres.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (F 1,963)

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR THE WINTER MONTHS, OR WOULD BE SOLD.

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650FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. GRAVEL AND SAND SOIL.

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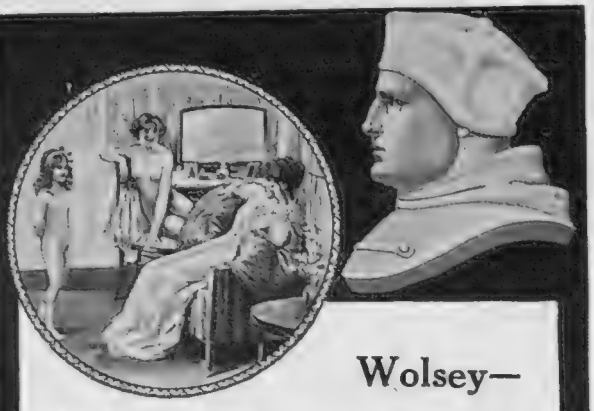

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JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.

Motoring: Military and Civil

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

A SUCCOURER AND SOME OF THE SUCCOURED

A fine six-stretcher motor ambulance by Napiers on a 16-22 h.p. Napier chassis, outside the Royal Military Hospital at Millbank. On the balcony above are some of the wounded from Mons

"Touching" Junk

THERE should be some pickings for the motor junk merchants behind the Allies; but it would be better for the forces in the field if breakdown gangs could get around and sweep up the more valuable part of the motor *débris* which, I am informed, is strewn around the roads in bulk. Any quantity of it is lying with nothing damaged that could not be repaired in a very short time. Much of it is there because the engine has run dry and seized up, or a wheel has collapsed, or an axle gone. A score or two of lorries, each with tackle and a team of over-age non-combatants might pick up what they could, get back to a repair depôt or a number of such, and have the wrecked cars out on the road and into service again in a very little time. Business and "shop" organisation on this side and on the other, might rescue not only a large amount of wealth from the scrap-heap, but develop a vast amount of invaluable transport service in the shape of motor vehicles repaired and put again into fair running order. It would provide useful work for the non-fighter and release men who could serve more effectively in more active military departments. And it would save expensive carcasses from the carrion junk bird.

***

The Better Economy

We want all the cars we can get. We want to avoid the waste of one. We want data of the vehicles, and of the mechanical defects which may have developed, in order that we may avoid again buying unprofitable cars so far as possible. And we want officially to tabulate experiences in connection with the supply of spare parts because we have not only to be very sure that we are buying the most suitable, serviceable, and economical vehicles, but vehicles adequately equipped to start with, and with ample reserves of spare parts behind them. I am not confident that sufficient attention was paid to this side of the matter when the Government, in great haste, acquired its vehicles. I am even less confident that consideration was given to the advantages of highly standardised cars over cars not so standardised. What is wanted is the guarantee that any part of a chassis can immediately be replaced by a spare which will fit exactly. What we want—what is absolutely necessary, or should be absolutely necessary if the business were adequately organised—is a reduction of the time occupied by repair shop work to a bare minimum. Otherwise we might as well scrap our repair trains, clear those impedimenta out of the way, and not worry about the preservation of the car at all. I think at a time when motor vehicles are of such importance, and particularly when the repair work could be done by mechanics unable for one cause or another to serve in the fighting line, it would pay handsomely, in money and efficiency, to salvage crocked vehicles and get them on the road again; but it is precious little good salvaging them if spares are not available, or, when they are, have to be worked elaborately in order to fit.

***

Things That Matter

Messrs. Mann Egerton have no less than five of their directors, their secretary, six depôt managers or salesmen, and seventy-five workmen at present on active service. They are making provision for the families of their employees whilst away and are keeping their posts open for them.

***

Dunlops, in the absence of the Motor Show, submit their 1915 programme. It includes a new rubber-studded non-skid for light cars, a new tyre-liner, and an encyclopædic range of sundries in addition, of course, to the usual line of great tyres in British and American sizes.

***

The Napier works have yielded 250 men for the Army, the remaining employees by voluntary levy contribute weekly something like £50 to the Prince of Wales's Fund, while the firm pay 10*s.* per week to the wives of all their married men who are with the colours, and are keeping all positions available for the men upon their return. Carried that Napiers are doing their share; and noted that the War Office is taking advantage of the facilities which exist at the Napier works for the production of motor vehicles and are putting many orders that way.

***

The managing director of the French Gregoire Company is a private in the Grand Army, while of the two directors on this side, one, Mr. McBride, is in the mechanical transport, and the other, Mr. Luard, is in the artillery in Alsace. If there were any more directors I expect they would be similarly occupied. Meanwhile, however, the business is being carried on at the old address. And so, to mention another notable of the French school, is the Sizaire-Berwick, which can still make regular delivery of cars.

***

Commend to your ample consideration the Janson car, a fine vehicle so far as a casual inspection has revealed it to me, and concerning which I have a testimonial in terms of high approval from Mr. S. F. Edge, than whom there is no keener critic nor better judge.

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By MRS. JACK MAY

The Claim of the Rest-Gown

ALWAYS very much to the fore in the supply of this now universally accepted possession, Shoolbreds have, for the present season, surpassed all their previous records. This applies alike to the variety of styles offered, the excellent taste displayed, and particularly to the value. As is well known, the ladies' outfitting department is responsible for these rest-gowns, one of which was commandeered for the accompanying picture.

The actual model sketched was carried out in a delicate French blue *crêpoline*, enhanced by the prettiest *fichu* of white *lisse*, embroidered in dull gold silks, with touches of dull reds and blues, and finished with a tiny vandyke edge. And over this falls a little round collar of plain white *lisse*, shaped into form by minute tucks. The sleeves, too, are delightfully quaint, the lower part shaped like a small hood, and faced back with cuffs of the embroidered *lisse*.

For the rest, the black-and-white sketch speaks eloquently enough, and there will be no two opinions as to its charm, or as to its great desirability, at the amazingly moderate price of 42*s*. 6*d*. Furthermore, this gown may be stepped right into, or for the above-named sum can be made to special measure in the space of three or four days—a fact that quickly dispels any doubt as to its birthplace being other than England.

Other models there are rather more elaborate in expression. As, for example, a navy *crêpe de Chine* arranged with a pleated tunic effect, and a dainty shadow lace vest concluding in a high picturesque collar. This is five guineas; while a *bleu de roi crêpe* radium which might easily pose as an afternoon-gown, with its effective full tunic back, edged with a *bouillonnée* of the same, surmounted by a deep draped *ceinture* of black velvet and an ethereal collar of *ninon* in tone falling gracefully over the shoulders, is only £4 19*s*. 6*d*. One cannot pay a higher tribute to the authority responsible for these persuasive confections than by placing the taste, style, and everything connected with them on the same high level that one usually associated with the very best in Paris.

A DAINTY REST-GOWN

Of French blue crêpoline with embroidered fichu of white lisse, plain white lisse collar, and hood-shaped sleeves

SKETCHED AT MESSRS. SHOOLBREDS, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, BY DOROTHY MILLAR

Cosy Quilted Wrappers

A further feature of the moment here, also, are some British-made Japanese silk dressing-gowns. These are quite unique in their way, and demand immediate attention from anyone in need of these admittedly ideal wrappers. Initially the silk used is of superior quality; then a diversity of quilting is resorted to, some, indeed, quite elaborate floral designs, while, in other models, an effective result is wrought with wide and fine lines. In the more expensive examples a lining of silk is used throughout, but the commencing price is 29*s*. 6*d*. Better value could not be found. The trouble hitherto with some of these quilted wrappers has been the poor quality of the silk used. At times it more resembled tissue paper, and after a short space the white wadding protruded to the complete disfigurement of the garment. There is, however, no sign of such weaknesses in the very least pretentious of the wrappers to be found at Tottenham House.

The Standard Tailor-Made Shirt

A close survey can be made the world over, and never a rival discovered of the ladies' tailor-made shirts, made in the men's department by men at Shoolbreds; irrespective of newcomers and fashionable foibles, this shirt sails

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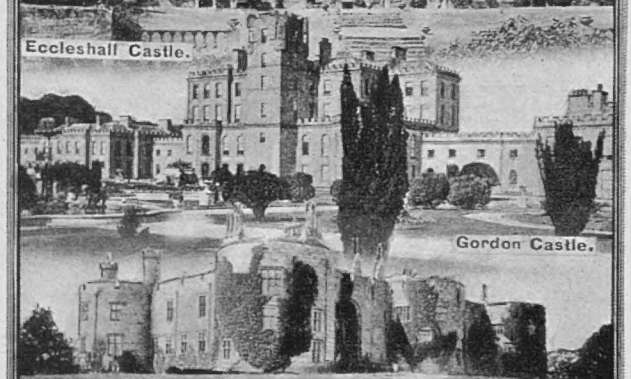

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serenely ahead, and counts faithful adherents in every part of the globe. Now and again some trifling change is made in the cut of the yoke or the style of collar and cuffs. But the model of the present season is identical with that of the summer, for the simple reason that the unanimous opinion is it cannot be bettered.

It stands for inspection in the adjacent picture, the most probable expression being the inimitable Queen's Wear, a very fine twill cashmere. Taffeta wool is another invariable autumn favourite, and this can be had plain or striped at 15*s.* 6*d.* and 16*s.* 6*d.* respectively, while in pursuance of the usual custom boxes of patterns stand ready in preparation to speed their several ways, the contents running into many hundreds, and always including the practical self-measurement form.

The institution of supplying smart alternative stock collars and fancy cravats to the regulation up and down shirt collar and tie has grown into a big accessory feature, infinite pains and unending resources being expended on bringing out fresh and attractive ideas. A special illustrated leaflet in connection with this shirt and its accessories can be had from Shoolbreds for the asking.

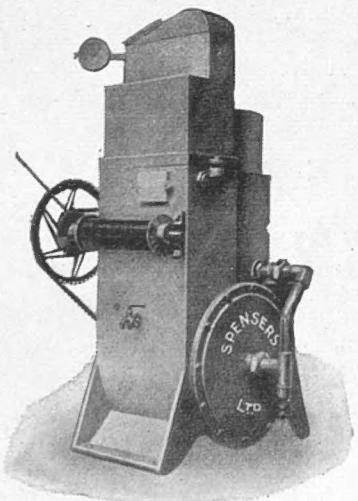
A SHOOLBRED SPECIALITY

The standard tailor-made shirt, the merits of which remain unchallenged. For autumn wear it is made preferably in Queen's Wear or taffeta wool

Autumn and Winter Fashions for 1914

Considerably condensed, but as commendably excellent as always, is the illustrated brochure issued by John Barker, of Kensington. Glancing through the pages the realisation is brought home how carefully the dress campaign has been thought out here, with a view to meeting as ably as possible the quiet practical needs of this deplorable wartime. Special emphasis is laid on ready-to-wear simple tunic frocks and coats and skirts, a most remarkable offer at the same time occurring in an afternoon dress of taffeta. This, the "Richmond", by name, has a long pleated tunic, the corsage opening on a good lace vest, with high collar, the prettiest ruffles of lace finishing the long, close-fitting sleeves, and the price is only 3½ guineas.

Both in fur and fur-lined coats, and in mantles throughout, there is choice for all of supremely interesting character. The millinery likewise is admirable, and includes some of the latest little Cossack caps of velvet. And so on throughout the entire catalogue, which is naturally primarily arranged to facilitate the procedure known as "shopping by post."



A TWENTY-LIGHT PETROL GAS MACHINE

As supplied by Messrs. Spensers, Ltd., of 53b. South Molton Street, W. The advantages claimed for it are enumerated on this page

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The hardships caused by the breaking-up of homes and enforced flight fall heavily upon the children of our Belgian guests. A supply of condensed milk is, therefore, a vital necessity, and Messrs. Nestlé, who have already come forward with the handsome gift of 12,000 tins, now announce their willingness to give a further tin for every two ordered from them direct. For instance, if a case of forty-eight large tins is ordered, costing 30*s.*, Nestlés will send seventy-two tins to the Fund and additional tins in the same proportion for all orders up to 48,000 free tins. Readers of THE BYSTANDER anxious to assist in the good work should mark their letters "Belgian Relief Fund," and address cheques to Nestlés, 6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C., who will deliver direct to the Fund.

House Lighting Extraordinary

Of the many systems of lighting now extant the perfected petrol gas plant may very well claim to be the most economical and convenient. Its competitors are, of course, coal gas, acetelyne, and electric light, all of which are at a disadvantage when compared with it in the matter of cleanliness, economy of running, upkeep, and compactness of plant. A few points in its favour may be noted. The light is clean and soft, but of high illuminating power, and plants are now working with fifty lights at the low cost of 1*s.* 6*d.* per week, and even less, which shows an enormous saving per annum on any lighting bill. The space occupied by a twenty-light installation is only 4ft. high by 2ft. 6in. wide and deep, while the size of a seventy-light machine is but 5ft. high with a ground space of 5ft. by 3ft. Compare this with an electric light plant with its complications and the advantages are obvious. To most people the question of being able to switch the light on and off is important. Here, again, the petrol plant has been brought into line, and on entering a room it is only necessary to touch a button to obtain the full illuminant. These are some of the advantages claimed for their Ideal Petrol Lighting system by Messrs. Spensers, Ltd., whose London offices are at 53b, South Molton Street, W. They have adapted or converted over a hundred plants to their system, in every case with the most successful results. Installations range from 12 to 700 lights, the accompanying illustration showing a twenty-light machine. Finally, the "Ideal Lighting" is so simple that any maid-servant can easily attend to it.

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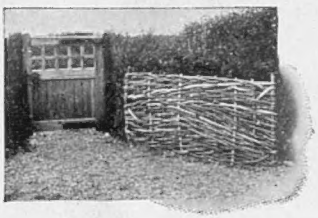

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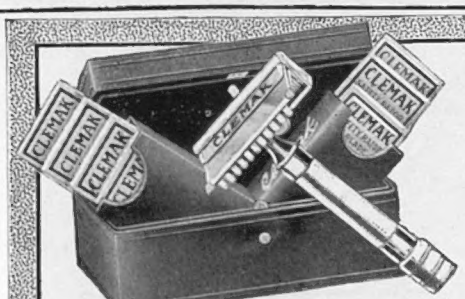

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